The piece I chose I’m really proud of was my fiction story. Witch was fun to write. One thing I would improve on is narration and sentence variety. In Language Arts I really improved my writing. For example I started writing one page then two then three pages. Well the thing I learned that was really important was writing faster.  
 All in all I learned a lot this year. I still need a lot of improvement but with the help of Miss Bubalis I really improved the length of my pieces. Some skills she taught us are to create character internal and external traits, detailed setting, and creating a story map.

Story:  
Start Your Engine!   
by Anthony

Tony jumped like a frog in to a puddle as he noticed his dad working on the tractor in the field. So he laughed, “Hey dad.”

His dad asked, “What’s got you in such a good mood,” as he turned to his son getting burnt on the pipes.

“Aw nothing,” Tony said softly as he ran as fast as the wind to his friend Bob’s house.   
 Running on the trail he ran into a dog and said, “Come on. Why won’t Bob’s dog stop meeting me here?” When he got to Bob’s house he grabbed the chrome flamed Harley Davidson dirt bike. He brought the Harley to the house and rang the door bell. After five minutes his friend came up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. He jumped ten feet in the air and punched him almost hitting him but just missed. An hour later he went home but forgot his helmet.   
 “Oh no. He’s going to come to bring it to me,” he thought aloud.   
 He started to run back when his dad said, “Whose house where you at? It wasn’t Bob’s house with the dirt bikes was it?”  
 “No,” he gulped as Bob ran to him to give him his helmet  
 “**TONY!**” his dad screamed in rage as he threw the helmet at his head missing it by a centimeter. “Your grounded for a month but you can go to the race as long as you aren’t in it” his dad exclaimed grinding his teeth still angry.

A month later, Tony woke up to the sound of his cell phone. Tony picked it up slowly and answered, “Hello.”

“Bob’s in the hospital,” Bob’s mom said slowly. Tony threw his phone across the room and put clothes on as he ran down stairs.

“Dad we have to go to the hospital,” Tony said.

“Why?” His dad asked curiously.

“Bob’s in the hospital” Tony screamed .

They jumped in the car and ran in to the hospital. “What happened**,**” Tony asked anxiously. He could not keep the fear out of his voice.

“He flipped over the front of his handle bars,” the doctor said.

“Can we have a minute alone?” Tony asked and the doctor kindly left.

”Tony will you fill in for me in the race tomorrow please” Bob quivered.

”Ok” Tony sobbed. The next day Tony snuck out of the house and got a bike and practiced all day long. The following evening, Tony went to the game with his dad and his friend Bob in a wheelchair.

Tony said he had to go to the bathroom. When he ‘went to the bathroom’ he actually went to his bike garage under the risers and got ready to be in the race by putting on his helmet and his suit. He then pushed the bike out as careful as a brain sergeant in operation on to the track. He then got on his bike just as the announcer announced get ready get set **go!!!!!!!**

**He** kicked my kick stand and by the time he went everyone was about half away around the track. He drove as fast as he could to catch up. He caught up so fast and went around twice in the time it took the other riders to get around once and there was only one lap to go.

“Oh no I’m running out of gas. Come on just a little more,” Tony taught to himself.

“Yes I won,” Tony said as he took off his helmet forgetting about his dad because he won a thousand dollars. His dad came down to him congratulate him and said, “I think we can let this go how about you?”

“Thank you,” Tony leaped in joy as he received his prize of a thousand dollars. On his way home they stopped at a dirt bike store and got Tony a new Harley.

Dad turned to Tony and you could see he was struggling with what to say. “Even though you disobeyed my direct orders, you did a good job. I never want to see you do that again. I still think it’s really dangerous. Look at what happened to Bob. I am so afraid it will happen to you.”  
Tony looked at his dad for a long time. “ I do understand. Can I at least ride but not race?”

Dad put his arm around his son and said, “I think I have to learn to trust you. “It’s a deal.”